

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED; IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

SUBSCRIPTION, FREE BY POST, 20s. PER ANNUM,

Payable in advance by Cash or Post-Office Order to DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, London, W.

VOL. 55.—No. 39.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1877.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The FIRST of the Series of SATURDAY CONCERTS and AFTERNOON PROMENADES will take place on SATURDAY, October 6th, 1877. Vocalists—M^{me} Sophie Löwe. The Crystal Palace Choir. Solo Pianoforte—M^{me} Arabella Goddard. The Programme will include: Overture *Oberon* (Weber); Chorus, "Gipsy Life" (Schumann); Symphony No. 1, in C (Beethoven); Senta's Ballad from *The Flying Dutchman* (Wagner); Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra in E flat (Benedict); Music to Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.* (Sullivan); March—Introduction; Song, with Chorus on Words by Henry VIII.; Graceful Dance; Slow Water Music (Bacchante), first time in London; Overture, "Le Premier jour de Bonheur" (Auber), first time at these Concerts. Conductor—MR AUGUST MAXNS. Transferable Stalls, for series of Twenty-five Concerts, Two Guineas; Single Numbered Seats in Area or Gallery, Half-a-Crown; Unnumbered Single Seats in Area or Gallery, One Shilling.

KENNEDY'S SONGS OF SCOTLAND.

GREAT ST JAMES'S HALL.

EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, and SATURDAY AT EIGHT.

MONDAY, 1st Oct. ... "A NIGHT WITH THE JACOBITES."
WEDNESDAY, 3rd Oct. ... SPECIAL GLEE NIGHT.
FRIDAY, 5th Oct. ... "A NIGHT WITH BURNS."
SATURDAY, 6th Oct. ... SELECTION FROM PREVIOUS PROGRAMMES.
Front Seats, 3s.; Balcony, 2s.; Admission, 1s.

CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.—THEATRE ROYAL, DUNDEE, MONDAY, Oct. 1st. London, Adelphi Theatre, Feb. 11th, 1878.

"THE MESSAGE"

MR SIDNEY TOWER will sing BLUMENTHAL'S Song, "THE MESSAGE," at Mrs John Macfarren's Vocal and Instrumental Concert, at Stratford, Essex, Tuesday, 2nd October.

"THOU ART MY DREAM."—This new and charming Melody, by CARL ZOKLER, will be sung every evening during the week, at the Mohawk Minstrels' Entertainment, Agricultural Hall.

MR WELBYE-WALLACE will sing IGNACE GIBSON'S last most successful Serenade, "MY LADY SLEEPS," and Signor TITO MATTEI'S "RITA," at his provincial engagements during the autumn.

THE MISSES ALLITSEN beg to announce their removal to 53, Portdown Road, Malda Vale, W., where they request that all communications respecting Concerts, Private Parties, and Pupils may for the future be addressed.

MR BRIDSON (Baritone) will sing at the Liverpool Philharmonic Concert on the 9th October. Communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS for Concerts, Oratorios, &c., to be addressed 17, Bartholomew Road, Kentish Town, N.W.

"MARY, DEAR."

"MARY, DEAR." By GLOVER. Sung with great success by Mr Gerard Coventry at the Granville Marina. Price 3s. Published by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

OLD DADDY LONGLEGS, Part-Song by Miss MACIROUL, will be sung at every performance by Miss ROBERTSON'S PARTY on their present Tour. Quarto size, 6d. net. LAMBORN COCK, 63, New Bond Street.

MOZART, BIOGRAPHY AND CORRESPONDENCE.

On October 12, with Portraits of Mozart and his Sister, in 2 vols., crown 8vo, price 21s. cloth.

THE LIFE OF MOZART. Translated from the German Work of Dr LUDWIG NOHL by Lady WALLACE. London: LONGMANS & Co.

Just Published.

DEDICATED TO SIR ROBERT STEWART, MUS. DOC.

GATHER YE ROSEBUDS. Song. Words by HERRICK. Music by ELENA NORTON. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W. Where may be obtained, composed by ELENA NORTON, "IN A VALLEY FAR AWAY" ("MAURYA VAWN ASTHORE"), 4s.

THE MUSIC TRADE REVIEW (price 4d.), a Monthly Newspaper devoted to the interests of Pianoforte and Musical Instrument Makers, Publishers, the Profession, Artists, Amateurs, and the General Public, will be published in the course of October.—Editorial, Advertisement, and Publishing Offices, 1, Raquet Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MESSRS. A. AND S. GATTI.

EVERY EVENING AT EIGHT.

Conductor... Signor ARDITI.

ARTISTS.

M^{lle} LUCIA RAJMONDI, Miss GIULIA WARWICK, M^{lle} CELEGA, M^{me} IRENE WARE, and Miss BLANCHE LUCAS.

M. MAUREL (of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden), Signor GIANINI, and Mr F. H. CELLI.

M. HENRY KETTER ... Pianist.
Mr HOWARD REYNOLDS ... Cornet-d-Pistons.
M. ANTOINE BOUMAN ... Violoncellist.

BAND OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS under the direction of Mr FRED. GODFREY.

Leader ... Mr A. BURNETT.

Accompanist ... M. MARLOIS.

MONDAY next, HAYDN'S FAREWELL SYMPHONY. WEDNESDAY next, FIRST WAGNER NIGHT. First performance of Grand Selection from *The Flying Dutchman*, arranged expressly for these Concerts by Signor Arditi. SATURDAY next, BALLAD NIGHT.

REFRESHMENTS BY MESSRS GATTI, OF THE ROYAL ADELAIDE GALLERY, ADELAIDE STREET, STRAND.

PROMENADE, ONE SHILLING.

Box Office open Daily from Ten till Five.

Manager, Mr J. RUSSELL.

"WHEN THE CRIMSON SUN WAS LOW."

NEW SONG BY

LOUISA GRAY.

Price 4s.

London: CRAMER & Co., 201, Regent Street, W.

By the same Composer, "After so Long," "My White Rose," "Ronald and I," &c., &c.

SWEET VILLAGE BELLS. Poetry by the late DESMOND RYAN. Sung by M^{me} Christine Nilsson at her Concert in St James's Hall. The music by J. W. DAVISON. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

SWEET VILLAGE BELLS. Poetry by the late DESMOND RYAN. Music by J. W. DAVISON. Sung by M^{me} Zaré Thalberg at the Floral Hall Concerts (Royal Italian Opera). Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

SWEET VILLAGE BELLS. Poetry by the late DESMOND RYAN. Music by J. W. DAVISON. Sung by M^{lle} Sophie Löwe at the Monday Popular Concerts. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

RONDO JOYEUX. Pour le Pianoforte. Par CH. HEPBURN. Price 3s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

STAR-GAZING. Song. Composed by WILLIAM H. CUMMINGS. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

IL TROVATORE. A brilliant Fantasia for the Pianoforte. Composed by FRANZ ROSENFELD. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published.

BE TRUE AS I AM TRUE. ("THE FORGET-ME-NOT.") Sung by M^{me} Liebhart and M^{me} Louise Gage. The Music by LILLIE ALBRECHT. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

SCHOTT & CO.'S NEW CATALOGUES

OF

PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

VIOLIN " "
TENOR (VIOLA) " "
VIOLONCELLO " "
DOUBLE BASS " "
FLUTE " "
CLARINET " "

ORGAN MUSIC.

Containing all Mr A. GUIL-
MANT'S WORKS (MUSIC).
HARMONIUM MUSIC.
HARP MUSIC.
CHAMBER MUSIC.

PIANO TRIOS, QUARTETS,

&c., &c.
SACRED MUSIC.
MASSES. MUSIC.
ELEMENTARY VOCAL
MUSIC.

FRENCH ROMANCES.

MELODIES OF JULES
FAURE.
Also of Works of RICHARD
WAGNER and CHARLES
GOUNOD.

The above Catalogues, together or separate, are sent Post Free on application to

159, REGENT STREET, LONDON.

Branch Establishments at MAYENCE, PARIS, BRUSSELS, ROTTERDAM, FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE, and LEIPSIC.

MDME SAINTON-DOLBY'S VOCAL ACADEMY.—The Classes will RE-OPEN on the 22nd October. All communications to be addressed to 71, Gloucester Place, Hyde Park, W.

MISS JULIA WIGAN begs to announce her Return to Town. All communications respecting Concerts, Oratorios, &c., to be addressed to Mr N. VERT, 52, New Bond Street, W.

MISS FRANCESCA JESSIE FERRARI begs to announce her return to town for the Season. Address 33, Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square.

MR HANDEL GEAR, Professor of Singing, begs to announce his Return to Town for the Season.—66, Seymour Street, Portman Square.

MRS OSGOOD requests that all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorio and Miscellaneous Concerts may be addressed to Mr N. VERT, 52, New Bond Street, W.

MRS SICKLEMORE begs to announce her Return to Town for the Season. Address No. 8, St James's Terrace, Westbourne Square, W.

MR W. DORRELL begs to announce to his Pupils and Friends that he has returned to London for the Season.—25, Lower Seymour Street, Portman Square, W.

MR T. HARPER'S TOUR in the Provinces will continue during the Autumn and Winter. Vocalists—Miss Agnes Larkcom, Miss Marion Severn, Mr Kenningham, Mr Thurley Beale. Solo Trumpet—Mr Harper. Solo Pianoforte—Mr Fountain Meen. The above artists can be engaged for oratorios and miscellaneous concerts.—Address 5, Brecknock Crescent, N.W.

MR W. COURTNEY and **MDME LOUISE GAGE** (Mrs COURTNEY) beg to announce that during their stay in Italy all letters respecting ENGAGEMENTS, &c., must be addressed to 17, Holland Road, Kensington.

MDLLE IDA CORANI requests that all Communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS for Opera, Oratorio, or Concerts, &c., be addressed to her Agent, Mr W. B. HEALEY, Royal Aquarium, Westminster, or care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

SIGNOR BONETTI begs to announce his departure from London for a short period. All communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS for Opera, Concerts, or Lessons, can be addressed to Signor BONETTI, Poste-restante, Milan, Italy.

MR SHAKESPEARE begs to announce his Removal to 13, Alexander Square, South Kensington, where all communications concerning concerts, oratorios, &c., may be addressed.

THE MDLLES BADIA are at liberty to accept ENGAGEMENTS for private or public concerts. All communications to be addressed to DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.'s Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published.

THERE SAT ON THE LINDEN TREE. Song. The Words by DIETMAR VON ASTE. The Music by W. F. BANKS. Price 3s. London: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published.

MEMORY. Song. The Words by R. HARE, Esq. The Music by W. F. BANKS. Price 3s. London: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

RICORDI'S (of Milan) **DEPÔT**, 23, CHARLES STREET, MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL, LONDON, W.

Lists of Vocal, Pianoforte, or Instrumental Music of every description gratis and post free.

All Sheet Music at half price. Sample Copies to the Trade on the usual terms.

RICORDI'S GRAND CATALOGUE, containing nearly 50,000 of his own publications, 5s. net.

Just Published.

PURE RAY OF LIGHT. Trio for two Sopranos and Tenor. The poetry by MOORE. The Music by HENRY BAKER. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

ORGANIST and CHOIRMASTER WANTED for St Mary's, Chester. Choral Service. Surplised Choir. Must be a good Churchman. Stipend, £50. Address, Canon BOWEN, St Mary's, Chester.

ORGANIST WANTED.

WANTED, an **ORGANIST** and **CHOIRMASTER** for a country parish, three miles from a town. Organ by Willis. A fair opening for tuition in the neighbourhood. Write, stating salary required, to VICAR, Davidstow, Camelford.

ITALIAN LANGUAGE.—Signor CONTI (a Tuscan) teaches ITALIAN either for Public Examinations or Simple Pronunciation. His pupils have more than doubled the necessary marks to qualify. Visits any direction of London. Address at any date, 19, Sloane Terrace, Sloane Square.

MOMENTS HEUREUX. Etude pour le Violon (sans Accompaniment) ou Piano seul. Composée, et dédiée à son Maître, Mons PROSPER SAINTON, par F. J. AMOR (de Salisbury, en Angleterre). Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published.

LA NUIT SUR LE LAC. ("INTORNO AL LAGO.") Souvenir d'Enghien. Paroles de D. TAGLIAFICO. Musique de L. BADIA. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

MUSIC STRINGS.—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

J. P. GUIVIER & Co.,

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF ALL KINDS OF MUSIC STRINGS FOR ALL MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Sole Dépôt for Signor ANDREA RUFFINI's (of Naples) Celebrated Strings for Solists.

25, SHERWOOD STREET, REGENT CIRCUS, PICCADILLY.

Price List free on application.

WILFORD MORGAN'S POPULAR SONGS.

"MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY"	4s.
"SWEET EVENING AIR." Sung by Mr. E. LLOYD	4s.
"HER I LOVE." Sung by Mr. WILFORD MORGAN	4s.
"LITTLE BIRDIE SING TO ME." Sung by Miss EDITH WYNNE	4s.
"COULD I BUT CALL HER MINE." Sung by Mr. WILFORD MORGAN	4s.
"BY THE SEA." Sung by Mdme TREBELL	4s.
"I WOULD BE A BOY AGAIN." Sung by Signor FOLI	4s.
"ENGLAND'S RAMPART." Sung by Mr LEWIS THOMAS	4s.
"A MOTHER'S LOVE"	4s.
"TELL ME, AM I FAIR?"	4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

**BRIGHTON CONCERT AGENTS,
PIANOFORTE AND MUSICSELLERS,
LYON & HALL,
WARWICK MANSION,**

LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From the "Times.")

Leeds, September 21.

Professor G. A. Macfarren's new oratorio, *Joseph*, produced to-day, was received with such unanimous favour as to leave no doubt with regard to its future acceptance. Nor can the verdict of the Leeds public fairly be questioned. It is to their spirit of enterprise that we owe the work, and, to speak briefly, we are indebted to them for a masterpiece. Professor Macfarren has written in an unusually short space of time three oratorios, *John the Baptist*, the *Resurrection*, and *Joseph*, all festival oratorios—the first given at Bristol in 1873, the second at Birmingham in 1876. Though its forerunners won unqualified approval, especially *John the Baptist*, which was subsequently performed by the Sacred Harmonic Society in London, and then at the Leeds Festival of 1874, it is more than likely that in the estimation of good judges *Joseph* will take ultimate precedence of both. Many and admirable as were the noticeable points in the first and second oratorios—so many and so admirable indeed, as at once to persuade connoisseurs that a new master in the highest school of sacred composition had been discovered—we cannot but think that, as viewed in the light of a thoroughly complete and finished performance, the palm must in the end be awarded to *Joseph*. That certain of the Biblical episodes accommodate themselves more or less easily to what is conventionally termed "dramatic" treatment is an admitted fact, and from this point of view Professor Macfarren has looked at *Joseph*, which, certain idiosyncratic differences taken into account, he has set forth in his music very much in the same way as Mendelssohn did in *Elijah*, and Handel in the various sacred musical dramas for which he found congenial themes in Holy Scripture. In the present instance, moreover, few can deny that the composer has been furnished by Dr E. G. Monk, organist of York Minster, his able and constant fellow-labourer, with a text so assorted as rather to aid than overweight the musician in his task. Dr. Monk, while inevitably condensing, has presented the simple and exquisitely beautiful story of Joseph and his family in its most touching and impressive form, only discarding such portions as were hardly amenable to musical illustration. Nothing, however, essential to the intelligible development of a narrative after its manner unequalled has been overlooked. The didactic and reflective passages culled from other parts of Scripture—the Old Testament being more largely drawn upon than the New—all, like the Chorus in Greek tragedy, bear more or less upon the incidents in the story that naturally suggest them, and the entire construction is thus perfectly symmetrical and in order. This is high praise, but not, we think, higher than is legitimately due to Dr Monk. To speak in detail of Professor Macfarren's elaborate and beautiful music, under the immediate impression created by a truly splendid performance—and such in almost every respect was the performance to-day—is out of the question; that task must be postponed, and further consideration will make it all the more grateful.

September 22.

There can be no hesitation in reiterating an opinion already suggested that the oratorio of *Joseph* is the finest work from the pen of the most gifted and distinguished of living English musicians. That all concerned in the management of the Leeds Festival were determined on affording every chance of success to the oratorio which they had commissioned the Cambridge Musical Professor and Principal of our Royal Academy to write was evident. In the universally regretted absence of Mdle Tietjens, no less an artist than Mdle Albani was invited to take her place, and thus one of the most responsible and significant parts was filled to perfection. It would be difficult for any amateur whose ears are trained to the appreciation of what is irreproachable in the utterance of musical sounds to forget the singing of the intelligent and charming young Canadian. Professor Macfarren, who naturally looked forward to Mdle Tietjens with undisturbed confidence, must, in the absence of that renowned artist, have experienced genuine satisfaction in possessing one so

qualified in every way to do full justice to his music. There are two soprano parts in *Joseph*, and the second, Benjamin, being entrusted to Madame Edith Wynne, it may well be understood was in thoroughly competent hands. The contralto was Madame Patey, to whom, as to Mdle Albani, were assigned exclusively reflective passages, occasionally, however, of no small purport, and who did all that could be expected from so accomplished a mistress of her art. Equally to be commended was Mr. Edward Lloyd, who sang not only the tenor music set down for Reuben in the first part, but that belonging to Pharaoh in the second, and who sang both admirably. Signor Foli gave appropriate weight and meaning to the character of Jacob; and last, not least, was Mr. Santley, whose *Joseph*, from beginning to end, was a masterpiece of vocal declamation. For the choir no praise can be deemed exaggerated. It was hard to believe that this was a first performance of so difficult a work, a work in which not only strength and quality of voices are essential, but varied expression into the bargain. Each requisite was found by these marvellous Yorkshire singers, who, although they could only have made comparatively recent acquaintance with the music, almost persuaded us to believe that they were as familiar with it as with that of *The Messiah* or *Elijah*. But with reference to this there will be more to say. The instrumental part of the performance in most instances was beyond reproach, the players, one and all, paying as much attention to Mr. Walter Macfarren as they would have done to Sir Michael Costa himself. The reception of the oratorio throughout was as hearty as the best friends of its composer could have desired. Three pieces were asked for again with such perseverance that there was no possibility of resisting the demand. These were a duet for soprano and contralto, sung by Mdle Albani and Madame Patey, with accompaniment of women's voices; a superbly imposing chorus describing the honours conferred by Pharaoh upon Joseph; and an unaccompanied sestet which, attractive in itself, was rendered doubly so by the absolutely faultless manner in which it was sung by Mdle Albani, Mesdames Edith Wynne and Patey, Signor Foli, Messrs E. Lloyd and Santley. At the conclusion of the oratorio Professor Macfarren was unanimously summoned forward and greeted with such a demonstration of sympathy as he will not easily forget. Best of all, however, is the fact that the demonstration was in every way merited. Musical Leeds may be congratulated on this new addition to its festival repertory.

September 24.

Mr Walter Austin, composer of a so-styled dramatic cantata, *The Fire King*, the other "novelty" of last week's Musical Festival, may be congratulated on the apparent satisfaction it afforded to an audience some 1,500 in number. The libretto is constructed, by Miss Maud Hargraves, upon Scott's familiar legendary romance bearing the title accepted by the Leeds musician—for Mr Walter Austin is, we hear, as much a Yorkshireman as was the late Sterndale Bennett, who has conferred no less honour upon Sheffield than, it is to be hoped, some time hence, Mr Austin may be enabled to confer upon Leeds. Meanwhile, in the opinion of many thoughtful persons, *The Fire King* is hardly a subject well adapted to the peculiar bent of Mr Austin's genius, which seems to lie more immediately within the domain of ballad opera. The most successful piece in the whole work, indeed—a song, "The past is but a troubled dream"—might have been signed "Balfe," and is very much in the manner of that composer, who wrote simple ballads with such fluency as to encourage innumerable followers to imagine they could do the same with equal readiness, and "in the enthusiasm of their balladising," as Herr Wagner in his own inimitably characteristic way would express it, to deluge the world with compositions born only to die with as little regret for their sudden vanishing as there had been pleasure at their sudden apparition. These industrious producers, however, were by no means Balfes; and so, while a great many of Balfe's ballads, "ephemeral" as they were voted, continue to live and flourish, as healthy things enough, according to the peculiar method of their conception, so the fancied inspirations of many of his immediate contemporaries, and many of those who outlived or came after him, are utterly forgotten, even if at the time of their

first production they really may be said to have created any impression whatever. With regard to the libretto of *The Fire King*, presuming that Scott's ballad is more or less familiar to the majority of our readers who interest themselves in such matters, it is unnecessary to state anything beyond the fact that the subject has in no way been unskillfully handled. On the contrary, the verses are creditably written, while the story, in spite of certain modifications here and there, is pretty closely followed. Almost the same kind of praise may be extended to the music of Mr Walter Austin. Without any pretensions to scholarship, it is fluent, occasionally graceful, and for the larger part nicely written for the voices. Of what is termed, by convention, "originality," there is not a spark; but this is now-a-days a venial fault. Mr Austin aims at very little, and in attaining that little is tolerably sure of his mark. What he has done, however comparatively trifling, is, after all, better than ambitious pretence, unbacked by adequate mechanical resources, or than the "sound and fury signifying nothing" which of recent years the musical public has had repeatedly to take into account. To give a description in detail of the cantata would answer no purpose, inasmuch as it hardly contains a single number that is not of the most unmistakably *ad captandum* character. Whether, at the same time, *The Fire King* is a work of sufficient merit to entitle it to a place in the scheme of a grand festival is a question we should feel disposed to answer emphatically in the negative. Mr Austin was fortunate alike in his chorus, orchestra, and leading singers (Mdmes Osgood and Patey, Messrs Lloyd, C. Tovey, and Foli), who, as well as Mr Thomas Wingham, who conducted the work, all did their utmost to insure an effective performance. At the end he was called forward.

There remains yet to speak of the miscellaneous concerts, morning and evening, which have formed by no means the least attractive features in the programme of this in all respects interesting festival. To Professor Macfarren's new oratorio we shall, as promised, shortly return. The most interesting and varied miscellaneous selection of the week was that in which the names of Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven were combined in a single programme. There was the best known of Bach's two settings of the *Magnificat*, together with the imperishable *Requiem* of Mozart, and the one oratorio of Beethoven, not this time under the strangely-adopted title of *Engedi*, but as the *Mount of Olives*. A far more appropriate English version of the one affixed to his work by Beethoven himself—*Christ on the Olive Mount*—would have been still closer. For this adaptation we are indebted to the Rev. J. Troutbeck. Between the *Magnificat* and the oratorio, Mozart held his own, and it must be admitted that the *Requiem* rather gained than lost by comparison with either. Where Mozart in this particular instance, at all events, enjoys a manifest advantage over Bach is in the exquisite melodious flow and symmetrical construction of his concerted pieces for solo vocalists, a more perfect example of which than the incomparable "Recordare" could not be cited. The quartets alone, indeed, would suffice to immortalise the *Requiem*, without aid from its picturesque and magnificent choruses, into the spirit and feeling of which, it may be briefly stated, the indomitable Yorkshire musicians entered with real enthusiasm. At the first bar of the sublime "Sanctus" the entire audience rose. With Bach and Beethoven, moreover, they did precisely the same, as though their fixed rule was to sing everything set down for them, no matter what, as well as they possibly can sing it, which is not far from equivalent to saying as well as it can possibly be sung. The leading vocalists in the works of Bach and Mozart were Mesdames Edith Wynne, Bolingbroke, and Patey, Signor Foli, and Messrs Shakespeare and Santley, to the first, second, fourth, and fifth of whom were assigned the quartets and solos in the *Requiem*, Signor Foli's services being only required for a solo in the *Magnificat*. In the *Mount of Olives* the "principals" were the same as at Gloucester, Mdlle Albani being the soprano, Mr E. Lloyd, the tenor, and Mr Santley, the bass. To name these practised artists with reference to so familiar a composition as that of Beethoven is enough.

At another of the "miscellaneous" concerts there was just such a programme as we are accustomed to at evening performances.

This was an innovation worthy encouragement. At night, as has already been said, Handel's *Solomon* was given, which enabled many whose occupation precludes their attendance in the day to hear an oratorio, while, on the other hand, as many others who reside at inconvenient distances could enjoy the opportunity of listening to a programme comprising a symphony, overtures, instrumental solos, and vocal music in all styles. The symphony at this concert was the "No. 8" of Beethoven. The overtures were *Der Freischütz* and *Fra Diavolo*. The instrumental solo, a fantasia composed by Dr William Spark, the well-known local professor, to display "some characteristics" of the grand organ built for the opening of the Leeds Town Hall, in 1858, is clever and effectively written for the instrument, was skilfully executed, and received with marked favour. Among other features of the programme, in which most of the leading solo artists had a share, were part-songs by Mendelssohn and Morley, affording the Yorkshire choir a fresh occasion for distinction, of which they took the best advantage. A graceful duet from Mr Henry Smart's sacred cantata, *Jacob*, sung by Mdlle Wynne and Mr Lloyd; a duet from Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*, by Mdlle Albani and Mr Santley; "Angels ever bright and fair," given in perfection by Mdlle Albani; and Meyerbeer's air, "The Monk," sung in Italian by Signor Foli, were also included, the concert terminating with a superb performance of Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night*, in which the chorus and orchestra were beyond praise, and the solo parts were admirably delivered by Mdlle Redeker and Messrs E. Lloyd and Santley.

On the following evening the miscellaneous programme contained, among other pieces, Joachim Raff's symphony in G minor, his most effective work of the kind, perhaps because his least diffuse. The overtures to *Semiramide* and *Jessonda*, in which Rossini and Spohr, while showing that they could both write good music, showed equally how little they had in common, were also comprised in the orchestral part of the selection. Added to these was the poetically-conceived and artistically-developed concert overture, *Die Waldnymph*, one of Sterndale Bennett's most important contributions to the repertory of the Leipzig Gewandhaus. Never, perhaps, had this beautiful work been executed with more care and refinement in every detail than on the present occasion, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa, who could not have taken more pains had it been his own production. The remainder of the programme consisted of pieces more or less familiar, that general favourite, Mdlle Sinico, being added to the company of leading vocalists.

The "Popular Concert" on the closing night was a brilliant success. Victoria Hall was crowded in every part. The artists, including Sir Michael Costa, gave their gratuitous services.

HAMBURG.—Gluck's *Orpheus and Eurydice* was recently produced at the Stadttheater—for the first time in this town.

ST PETERSBURGH.—According to a correspondent of *Le Ménestrel*, the Imperial Theatres of this capital have re-opened, after remaining closed for the usual time during the summer, just as if the country were not plunged in a terrible war. The French company have revived *Le Fils naturel*, by Alexandre Dumas, and *Le Village*, by Octave Feuillet. The German Theatre announces the *début* of Mdlle Marie Spettini, from the Theatre Royal, Dresden. At the Grand Theatre, while awaiting the Italian Opera, ballet reigns supreme. At the Russian Operahouse, they are playing M. Anton Rubinstein's *Demon* and *Macchabees*. The Italian season will commence on the 15th October. Among the many names, more or less celebrated, of artists engaged, figure those of Mesdames Nilsson, D'Angeri, Scalchi, Rosetti, Marziali, Levasseur, Gerster, Pozzoni; Signori Masini, Stagno, Sylva, Campanini, Ciampi, and Goula, the last as conductor. The prospectus promises *Cinq-Mars*, *Carmen*, *Una Vendetta Catalana*, *Niccolò dei Lapi*, *Giovanna di Guzman*, *Il Profeta*, *Roberto*, *Semiramide*, *Gli Ugonotti*, *Linda*, *Romeo*, *L'Ebreo*, *Aida*, *La Sonnambula*, *I Puritani*, *L'Africana*, *Faust*, *Amleto*, *Rigoletto*, *La Traviata*, *Lucia*, *Marta*, *Mignon*, *Don Giovanni*, *Il Trovatore*, *Dinorah*, *Il Barbiere*, *Poliuto*, *Macbeth*, and *Norma*. If the manager carries out all he has promised, the artists will have enough to do during the three or four months of the season, but experience has shown that managers' promises, in as far as regards their doom to be broken, resemble pie-crust quite as much as the promises of other people.

GERTRUDE ELIZABETH MARA.

Pictures from the Life of the first German Operatic Singer.

By W. LACKOWITZ.*

V.

(Continued from page 639.)

Attached to the Berlin Opera, were two Italian male singers, who may be taken as models, since both, Concialini and Porporino, were European celebrities of the first class. Concerning Giovanni Carlo Concialini, an exhaustive notice was published in the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung* some years back. I will here merely remark that he was a member of the Berlin Opera down to 1796, when he was pensioned, and that his most brilliant period extended from 1771 to 1775, which was also the period during which he performed with Mad. Mara.—Porporino's proper name was Anton Huber, or, as Italianised, Antonio Uberti. He was descended from a German family, though born at Verona in 1719. His father, a native of Germany, was David Huber, or Hubert, from which latter the singer derived his name of Uberti. He was a soldier, and, while fighting in the Imperial cavalry against the Turks, was made prisoner and carried off into slavery. At the expiration of three years, he found means to escape, reached Austria in safety, and proceeded to Verona. He took service with the Venetians and rose to be a captain of cavalry, marrying at a late period of his life. Of twelve brothers and sisters, Anton was the youngest. He seems to have been educated with great care, but there was certainly no notion of making a singer of him. That he became one was the result of an accident. In his thirteenth year, he was one day amusing himself with jumping over palings with some companions of his own age. In doing so, he had a severe fall, and crushed himself very badly. Actuated by fear, he concealed his misfortune from his parents, till at length all remedies were unavailing, and a painful operation had to be performed. This caused his relatives great sorrow. A musician, a friend of the boy's parents, discovered, however, that the boy possessed a fine voice; and his offer to give him lessons was joyfully accepted. The boy's voice developed itself admirably; and the teacher soon found himself compelled to confess that he had exhausted his art. Antonio was now sent to Naples, where, under Porpora, he became so fine a singer that the famous master insisted on the pupil's combining the master's name with his own. Thus it came to pass that Anton Huber was known and celebrated under the name of Porporino. After being dismissed by Porpora, he sang with the greatest success in Rome, Messina, Palermo, and all the larger towns of Italy, until engaged for Berlin in 1740. These Italian engagements were, as we know, generally arranged by Count Cataneo, the Prussian Minister resident at Venice; but, in 1740, though then in the field, the King despatched his own cabinet courier to Italy, for he wanted to raise his Opera, on the model of that in Dresden, to the highest possible pitch of excellence. Nor, in this case, did he spare expense. He even ordered an offer of four thousand thalers, a very considerable sum for those days, to be made the singer, Pinti, but the latter declined it. Steffanino, Paulino, and Signora Molteni were then engaged simultaneously with Porporino. From that time forward, Porporino remained in Berlin, actively engaged at the Opera for full thirty-four years. He died on the 20th January, 1783. He was distinguished above many other singers of the period by the correctness and certainty of his singing, so that, unlike some of them, he never reduced the conductor to despair. But what was especially praised in him was his extraordinary dramatic talent, which was something in which Italian singers were as a rule far from shining.

It was to these two artists, then, that the King directed the new vocalist for instruction in the specially Italian style, and, thanks to the striking industry she had always exhibited, and which she exhibited on this occasion also, she made, in a short time, that style her own. In March, 1771, she appeared in Potsdam for the first time, and in the same opera, *Piramo e Tisbe*, of which she had to sing a portion when on her trial. Despite her awkwardness on the stage, she pleased the King so highly that he looked forward with confidence to a new era for his Opera, better than it had previously known. And he was not mistaken. In consequence of his having been absent a great deal from Berlin and Potsdam, he let

the Opera have a rest till the Carnival. But the very first performance, a performance of Graun's *Britannicus*, proved that the German artist had become in every respect the equal of her Italian colleagues. The aria, "Mi paventi," was a perfect masterpiece of vocal art, and the public, like the King, were enraptured with the new *prima donna*. But the recollection that she had been refused permission to go and study in Italy was a worm that kept incessantly gnawing at her heart, and the triumphs she achieved could not recompense her for the disappointment. With her defiant spirit, always inclined to opposition, we may assume that she did not keep her feelings on the subject concealed even from the King himself. In short, from the very first, there was a sentiment of discontent between the two; in her eyes, submission to a despotic and strong will was oppressive servitude, and the numerous marks of friendship and esteem she received from the public rendered her dependence doubly irksome. This state of mind is displayed only too clearly in a letter she wrote to a friend in Leipsic. We read in it: "I get many notes and letters from poets and authors here, French and German; yesterday, too, I received a communication from Canon Gleim, of Halberstadt, written in a very childish and amorous style, altogether unworthy, methinks, of a man holding a clerical title. I receive, moreover, offers of marriage; a short time since I actually had one from an old general with seven bullets in his body; they are gradually to be cut out of him, probably in the course of our married life; I declined the offer with thanks, and threw the other letters into the fire. A fine idea to suppose I would marry, and have to acknowledge the will of a second man over me. Poor me, who am already so sunk in slavery." Antipathy for the entire male creation cannot well be more plainly expressed; yet love and marriage came, and were the very things which subsequently caused her endless grief and sorrow, crushing her, for years, bodily and mentally to the ground.

(To be continued.)

MUSIC AND PAINTING.

Mr Ruskin, in the July number of his "Fors Clavigera,"* points out how much more general progress has been made during the last twenty years in the appreciation of good music than in our knowledge and love of good pictures. "The reason is easily found. Our music has been chosen for us by masters. When we ascertained that Mr Hallé could play, we did not go to the man at the music shop and pay him fifty guineas commission for recommending us a new tune! If we can imagine exhibitions, where good, bad, and indifferent symphonies, quartets, and songs could be heard—not more imperfectly than pictures, good, bad, and indifferent are to be seen at the Academy—and works to which at a concert we must listen for twenty minutes were to be listened through in as many seconds, or indeed by an ear-glance at a few bars, can we doubt that pretty tunes would be more popular than the finest symphonies of Beethoven, or the loveliest of Schubert's songs?"

"The suddenly luminous idea that art might possibly be a lucrative occupation secured the submission of England to such instruction as, with that object, she could procure: and the professorship of Sir Henry Cole at Kensington has corrupted the system of art-teaching all over England into a state of abortion and falsehood, from which it will take twenty years to recover. The professorships also of Messrs Agnew at Manchester have covered the walls of that metropolis with 'exchangeable property,' on the exchanges of which the dealer always made his commission, and of which perhaps one canvas in a hundred is of some intrinsic value, and may be hereafter put to good and permanent use. But the first of all conditions for this object is that the Manchester men should, for a little while, 'choose for themselves'; that they should buy nothing with intent to sell it again; and that they should buy it of the artist only, face to face with him, or from the Exhibition wall by direct correspondence with him."

BERLIN.—Gluck's *Armida* was to have been revived at the Royal Operahouse, on the 23rd inst.—the date, by the way, of its first production at the Royal Academy of Music, Paris, a century ago—but the performance had to be deferred in consequence of Herr Niemann's inability to appear. Professor Julius Stern has added to his celebrated Conservatory an Operatic School, for the especial benefit of pupils desirous of appearing on the lyric stage.

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

* Published by G. Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent.

Punch at Leeds.

(Our Representative Man at a Musical Festival.)

Your Representative is a man of his word; he said last week he would go to Leeds, for the great Musical Festival, and faithfully has he kept his promise.

The arrival, at the Leeds Station, of Your Representative, was, I need hardly say, a triumph. The demonstration of one porter was something to see. It was immense—for threepence. As for the cabman, his enthusiasm was so overwhelming (he had been waiting for a job all day, he said, and this was the first money he'd taken) that he would willingly have removed his horse from the shafts, and have drawn the vehicle himself to the Queen's Hotel, had I only made it worth his while.

A magnificent spectacle the Hall, sir, on the entry of Yours truly. Chorus of ladies high up in the air, like sweet singing birds, on either side of the orchestra, and the male voices crowding the middle. Such a chorus! Such an audience! After bowing to the Mayor and the committee, and intimating to Mr Wingham that the business of the evening might commence, the band at once struck up the overture to the new cantata, *The Fire King*.

A prophet is not great, as a rule, I believe, in his own country, and if *Elijah* were given down in Judee, I've no doubt he wouldn't be thought much of, therefore as Mr Walter Austin, the composer of the new cantata, is said to be "A native of Leeds" (and why not?), he ought to be highly gratified with the reception accorded to his work, and to himself, when cheered, at the conclusion, by the other natives of Leeds, who had not written cantatas.

Mrs Osgood and Mme Patey did their best, the latter singing such a low note that the occupants of the front row of stalls looked under their seats, as if for something that the lady had dropped, and which they were polite enough to pick up for her. Mr Lloyd was enthusiastically and deservedly encoored (though the encore was sensibly not taken) in a ballad of the Balfe style, "The past is but a troubled dream," which ought to be immensely popular everywhere, and would make the fortune of any drawing-room tenor; and in "To Arms! To Arms!" which he gave in such spirited style, as caused Your Representative to regret that the singer was not in a Tannhäuser-like suit of armour, addressing a crowd of chorus and supers attired as warriors of the most unlimited bravery. For success, the cantata was, from the first tenor song, "insured at Lloyd's."

Setting aside the occasion of its production (and, undeniably, the work was not big enough for the great Leeds Festival), the composer is to be congratulated on the cantata itself, taken for what it is, and affording much promise for the future. If, in choosing this exceptional time for a first attempt, Mr Austin's friends showed more zeal than discretion, it must not be forgotten that in the North the reading of the old proverb is, "Friends in Leeds are friends in deeds," and a young composer cannot be blamed for jumping at such an offer.

But what of Professor Macfarren's *Joseph*? Magnificently interpreted by Mlle Albani, Mesdames Edith Wynne and Patey, Messrs Santley, Lloyd, Signor Foli, and the unrivalled Chorus, which is the crown and glory of the Leeds Festival, the new oratorio achieved an unequivocal success. It was indeed a touching spectacle when the gifted Composer was led forward by his brother to hear the acclamations which resounded from every part of the hall.

Fresh from the scene, I confess myself unwilling to treat lightly one single detail of this great performance. For some future time I will reserve what remarks I have to offer on the libretto and style of oratorios generally, where the sublime so often touches the ridiculous; but, for this present, I can only say that to have heard the first performance of *Joseph* at the Leeds Festival, and to have assisted, heart and voice, at the ovation given to Professor Macfarren, will ever be remembered as a real and true pleasure by

Your Representative.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Permit me to add a few words to a well-worn theme, respecting which Mr Chappell addressed a letter to you (Sept. 15). It is possible, nay, probable, that Carey had a hand in manufacturing the National Anthem; perhaps he wrote the words. But that the tune was stolen from Dr Bull I am fully convinced, from ample proof in my possession, about which I shall by-and-by have more to say.—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM H. CUMMINGS.

Brackley Villa, Thurlow Park Road, Dulwich.

DÜSSELDORF.—The next Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine is to be held here at Whitsuntide, 1878. M. Anton Rubinstein will act as conductor, and some of his more important vocal works, together with his "Dramatic Symphony," will be performed.

"TWA HOURS AT HAME" WITH THE KENNEDY FAMILY.

It is now more than seven years since Mr Kennedy was delighting us with his Scottish entertainments at Hanover Square Rooms. Fresh from foreign lands, he was brimful of anecdotes of his experiences in the United States, South America, California, Canada, &c. In like manner he comes again after singing "round the world" for more than four years. Wherever our language is spoken a Scottish audience is to be found, and this Mr Kennedy has so well experienced that his genial face can only be seen here at rare intervals. The world has pronounced him to be the Prince of Scottish Vocalists of his day, and wherever he goes the cry is ever "Will ye no' come back again?" In London we have hitherto been accustomed to hear "The Kennedy" alone, gracefully "accompanied" by Miss Kennedy. But now the clan comes in force, no less than five talented members of the family taking a part in the concerts, one and all possessing rare natural and musical abilities. Mr Kennedy is, no doubt, still the backbone of the entertainment, but he may well be proud of his "bairns," as he is wont to designate them; and they are really a great credit to him. London is now said to be empty, but the large and enthusiastic audiences which welcomed the Scottish vocalists at St James's Hall, on Monday and Wednesday evenings, gave good promise that Mr Kennedy had not erred in venturing upon twelve nights in the great hall; and they must be strangely constituted who do not at once feel very much at home in the "Twa Hours at Hame." Those who would hear the "auld Scots songs" sung as they ought to be would do well to take advantage of this opportunity, and the sons and daughters of Scotland, in particular, must be irresistibly drawn towards those who can so powerfully thrill every pulse of their hearts. Of late we have had no lack of Scotch concerts, which have been deservedly successful; but, however artistically the music has been rendered by our best London vocalists, it was not the "wood-notes wild" inspired by "the land of brown heath and shaggy wood;" it reminded not of the bracken, the broom, and the heather; and not only so, but for the thoroughly genuine impersonation of Scottish character in such songs as "Hame cam' our gudeman at e'en," "The women are a' gane wud," "Tam Glen," &c., the nice perception of the ridiculous in "There cam' a young man," "Duncan Gray," "Last May a braw wooer," "Jenny's bawbee," &c., the thrilling force, heroic or pathetic, in "Scots wha hae," "I'm wearin' awa' Jean," "Annie's tryste," &c.; for all such the vocalist must be to the manner born in order successfully to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature." Percolating through ages, from a mother's lips is imparted the true traditional style; and whether it be in the grave, the gay, the heroic, or the pathetic, we have in Mr Kennedy a masterly interpreter of his country's songs—in the heroic, irresistible as the waves of the Atlantic, or as the mountain spate; in lovesongs, melodious as the lark's or the lintie's lay. As we listen to his "Scots wha hae," we are forcibly reminded of one of his own experiences. Visiting Richmond shortly after its fall, and before the doomed city had risen from its ashes, he had just given the grand address of Bruce to his army, when an old Scot, who had risked and lost all for the South, sprang to his feet, exclaiming—"Kennedy, sing 'Scots wha hae' round the South and we'll hae another fecht yet!" Mr Kennedy has an individuality quite his own. He is, in a word, like his great predecessors, Templeton and Wilson, thoroughly original—possessing a style realistic as a Tennyson, a Wilkie, or a Faed, he is not only a most accomplished vocalist, but also an effective and graceful actor. It was a pleasing link with the past to notice on Wednesday night, as we have done at previous concerts of Mr Kennedy's, the grand snow-capt head of John Templeton.

But now we must return to the junior members of the family. Their Glee singing forms quite a prominent feature in the programme, and, as Mr Kennedy aptly remarked, the fine old glees of England are fit to vie with any national music; and such gems as "Blow, gentle gales," "The cloud-capt towers," &c., as also the part-songs, were rendered with a taste and precision rarely equalled. Every item in the programme, in fact, seemed to have received the most intelligent study and careful practice—everything being sung from memory. The songs generally were given with a natural force and expression which was quite refreshing. We would particularly notice Miss Kennedy's sweetly simple rendering of "Kind Robin lo'es me" and "The lang awa ship," and Miss Marjory's equally charming voice and style in "The four Maries" and "Ca' the yowes to the knowes;" David delighted and stirred his audience with "The march of the Cameron men;" Robert displayed a voice of much promise in "O Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me"; and James, who possesses a rich baritone voice, was equally felicitous in the quaint old song of "The Golden Vanitie." Of Mr Kennedy himself we would just say, in conclusion, that he returns to us with powers not only unabated, but, if possible, improved.

MACFARREN'S JOSEPH AT LEEDS.

(From "The Yorkshire Post and Leeds Intelligencer.")

Before recording the event of yesterday, a memorable one in the history of music, we feel bound once more to revert to the previous day. If the committee had desired to make their mistake of Wednesday night as glaring as possible, they could not have done so more effectually than with *Elijah* as a prelude, and *Walpurgis Night* and *Solomon* to follow. We mention these last works again because we desire to repeat the opinion expressed yesterday as to the wonderful excellence of their performance. That opinion, formed at the time, was more than justified, but, after hearing the works of the greatest masters even respectably performed, the lover of good music is so liable to lose a critical balance that we are glad now deliberately to repeat that yesterday the Leeds Festival band and chorus covered themselves with glory, and arrived at that point of excellence beyond which it is impossible to advance. After Mendelssohn, Beethoven, and Handel on Thursday, Macfarren yesterday. Professor Macfarren is not a Handel, or a Mendelssohn, nor does he slavishly imitate them or confine himself to any particular school of writing. He is simply Macfarren, a name hereafter to be honoured in musical history, and to make the professor's chair at Cambridge memorable for the two great musicians who have held it in succession. It will be remembered that at the last Festival the Professor had a place with *St John the Baptist*. This work delighted all who heard it, especially those who appreciate learned writing. The oratorio yesterday perhaps appeals to wider sympathies with its beautiful melodies and colour. At any rate, whether the work is heard many a time again, or is forgotten (a very unlikely and unreasonable event), the performance yesterday will mark the present Festival as an important event in the history of music. Mr Walter Macfarren, who so lovingly devotes his own great talents to the study and interpretation of his brother's masterpiece, conducted. It will be as well to admit at once that after the first hearing of so important a work, and on the day of hearing, it is impossible to do full justice to it. The small tribute of praise which we can render is the composer's due. The work is dedicated thus:—"In remembrance of happy hours spent in its inscription, this oratorio is dedicated to my pupil, friend, and amanuensis, Oliveria Louisa Prescott." The work is great in design and execution, and seemed to demand from the audience a front rank in the greatest musical compositions, or rejection as an over-reaching ambition. The challenge was accepted by the audience, and at the close the answer might have been heard in the streets outside, as cheer followed upon cheer. . . . Throughout the oratorio Dr Macfarren has been (with one or two exceptions) above all things original. He tells the beautiful story of Joseph's life, commencing with the brothers' treachery, and ending with the arrival of the Patriarch Jacob to witness his son's glory, in the most dramatic musical language. Every phrase must have been the result of intense care and study, arising from a fine artistic sense, an appreciation of sacred words which would have distinguished the Professor as a theologian of matured experience. From the first bar to the last the work is a surprise—a wonder to those who thought that Music had said all she had to say, and that no resources of novelty were left open. The orchestral colouring is most remarkable, especially in the gorgeous and barbaric choruses of the Court of Pharaoh, a word pronounced throughout, by-the-bye, as *Faro*, with the accent on the first syllable. One of the most remarkable features in the oratorio is the frequent and unexpected changes of the key-note, a device certainly not new, but hitherto seldom resorted to with such extraordinary effect, while in the melodic structure the intervals are most surprising, taxing the powers of the singers to the utmost. Had many serious blunders occurred in such music there would have been little wonder; as it is, the wonder is all the other way that band, chorus, and solo singers should have done so much justice to the work. They all appeared, however, to love it and, to a great extent, understand it. The programme will show how the parts were allotted, and the great names put down for the principal ones.

The "principals" did their duty to the music, and were rewarded with almost incessant applause. Mr Cheshire, the harpist, deserves honourable mention for the good service he did in the accompaniments to the relation of the dreams. The audience throughout cannot so well be described appreciative, as positively excited and sympathetic. Sir Michael Costa, who, we believe, is engaged on another oratorio called *Joseph*, was a listener. Though the work bears evidence throughout of the hand of a musical scholar learned in all structural devices, the fugal treatment of a subject is sparingly introduced. We have the first fugue in "Honour thy father and thy mother"—a very fine chorus. The solo, "Love is strong as death," was finely sung by Mdle Albani, who came out with flying colours. In the last phrase we should like to know whether the artist was giving us Macfarren or Albani. Once or twice it appeared that alterations had been made in the published score, possibly by the composer himself. The oratorio occupied a little over three hours in performance; and although there is little of the music we should like to part with, it is an open question whether some of the dialogue, and some of the didactic numbers, could not be spared. Dr Monk, author of the libretto, has occasional extracts from the Book of Psalms. No composer could desire a better librettist, but it is rather strange that he should put in the mouth of Joseph the words, "We have walked in the house of God as companions," as there was no house of God until the Tabernacle in the wilderness. The enthusiasm of the audience was immense at the chorus of the Ishmaelites, with the picturesque tinkling of percussion instruments and the beautiful melody *crescendo* from *pianissimo* to full, and the remarkable concluding phrase, "We will take him to Egypt, and can sell him to Potiphar." The duet with chorus, "Commit thy way unto the Lord," was very fine, and was re-demanded and repeated. Here, however, we must make an exception in our remarks about originality. There was a remarkable reminiscence of Mendelssohn about it. What modern musician has ever freed himself of the influence of Mendelssohn? The last number of the first part, the chorus, "A voice was heard," was the finest of all in that part, passing from C minor to C major in "Refrain thy voice from weeping,"—a beautiful movement, which in the interval was hummed by numerous listeners as they took their meditative airing on the pavement outside.

In the second part we are introduced to the Court of Pharaoh with gorgeous choruses of stupendous power, commencing with "Lord of Diadems." Both strings and reed instruments were very fine, and the trumpets and trombones were splendid. The soprano had another beautiful air, "Hath not God?" and there is nothing more remarkable in this oratorio than the beauty of the airs, hitherto not supposed to be Dr. Macfarren's strongest point. The chorus, "See! Pharaoh hath set Joseph," was magnificent, and here again the instruments of percussion did great service. The chorus was beyond praise, taking up the leads with great precision. The applause was something furious, and a repeat could hardly have been refused by Sir Michael Costa, much less by a brother of the composer. Space and time preclude a notice of this work at all commensurate with its grandeur. One or two of the remaining numbers, however, demand mention—among them the devotional chorus, "O! Lord, have mercy upon us," with its exquisite counterpoint, the magnificent air (one of the finest ever written by any composer), "Wherefore let us run with patience the race that is set before us," in which the Professor seems to reveal his whole soul of faith to us, the setet, "Forgive" (repeated), the dramatic revelation of Joseph to his brethren, and the final fugue, "Sing unto the Lord." It was a great work, grandly performed, and listened to with eager interest until the last bar. Then followed a scene never to be forgotten. There was a persistent roar until the blind Professor was led into the orchestra, and the cheering was renewed again and again. No need, Professor, to be so overcome with emotion! This is but the first instalment of the tribute of praise which the lovers of the true and good in Art shall pay you in the time to come as you take your just place with the worthies whose names are remembered when the wearers of crowns are forgotten and dynasties have crumbled to dust.

* With the composer's hearty assent.—D. B.

DEATHS.

On September 21st, at her residence, 69, Carlton Hill, N.W., ELIZABETH, widow of the late GEORGE RICHARD METZLER, of Great Marlborough Street, in her 81st year.

On September 22nd, at Chatterton Villa, Greenway Road, Redland, Bristol, ELIZA RAINFORTH, daughter of the late S. Rainforth, Esq., of Her Majesty's Customs.

On September 23rd, at Paris, after a few days' severe suffering, FRANCES CHARLOTTE, the dearly loved wife of Signor F. LABLACHE, of 51, Albany Street, Regent's Park, N.W.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1877.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—There is nothing new under the sun; and, therefore, it is only natural that the belief entertained by many with regard to the efficacy of music as a curative agent should have existed in ancient times before being broached at the present day. In the mythology of Greece and Rome, Apollo is represented as the god of medicine as well as of music, and there can be no doubt that music and therapeutics are more nearly connected than is generally imagined. Still, as Dickens makes one of his characters observe: "We must draw the line somewhere." The personage who lays down the maxim illustrates theory by practice and draws the line at bakers. But there are individuals no more to be stopt by bakers than the progress of Ocean, that Mighty Monster, is, when thoroughly aroused, to be arrested by the Admiralty Pier at Dover. They belong to the class described by Molière:—

"La nature a pour eux des bornes trop petites;
En chaque caractère ils passent ses limites,
Et la plus noble chose, ils la gâtent souvent
Pour la vouloir outrer et pousser trop avant."

I am afraid that among the number of these irresistible enthusiasts I must place Citizen Roger, who, in a Thesis sustained by him at Montpellier, in 1769, under the title of *Tentamen de Vi Soni et Musices in Corpus humanum*, gives some wonderful instances of the power exercised by music over the victims of ill-health and disease. Music, he asserts, dissipates the sad effects of sombre melancholy, hypochondria, hystericism, imbecility, and madness; stops epileptic fits and prevents their recurrence; suspends the tortures of gout and sciatica, securing the patient against a relapse; restores vital energy when exhausted by long attacks; facilitates and expedites difficult cases of convalescence; puts an end to the disorders of an excited imagination, holding captive the violent efforts which the latter provokes, and disarming the hand about to commit a crime; dispels the cruel fears caused by the bite of an animal suspected of rabies, and ensures mental tranquillity and bodily health to persons condemned by prejudice, and frequently without good reason, to agonies more terrible than death itself.

"Why," enquires Citizen Desessarts—in a paper read before the French National Institute of Science and Art, on the 20th Vendémiaire, Year XI., that is, on the 3rd October, 1792—"Why has the employment of this art, which produces such marvellous effects upon man in health and disease been discontinued by medical practitioners? Why do they not have recourse to it in cases that elude the actions of

drugs which they vaunt as the most energetic?" Like Echo, we also answer "Why?" and are at a loss to explain the dense stupidity which prevented the National Convention from at once taking measures for the adoption in France of so sure and efficacious a sanitary agent. The assembly in question was not accustomed to stand on trifles. It had substituted for the ancient religion of the country the worship of Reason, though afterwards condescending to declare that the French people acknowledged the existence of the Supreme Being and the immortality of the soul. Why did it not, in face of the facts for which Citizens Roger and Desessarts vouched, decree that all hospitals should be changed into operahouses and concert-rooms; that physicians and surgeons should qualify themselves in counterpoint and harmony; and that scalpels, forceps, bistouris, *et hoc genus omne*, should be replaced by violins, flutes, and double basses? Their remissness may, perhaps, have arisen from their not yielding implicit credit to all the wonders related in the Montpellier Thesis. Yet those wonders were supplemented by others equally extraordinary. Citizen Bourdelot, a member of the medical profession, tells us, in his *Traité sur la Musique*, how a woman, driven mad by the infidelity of her lover, was restored to reason and health by three concerts, judiciously administered. The *Mémoires* for the year 1707 of the French Academy of Science contributes the story of a dancing-master of Alais, in Languedoc. This worthy man, having during the carnival been compelled to go through a great deal of fatigue in the discharge of his professional duties, had a violent attack of fever. On the fourth or fifth day he fell into a state of lethargy, in which he lay for a long time, and in which he had better have remained altogether, had it not been for a bright idea which struck M. Mondajor, the Mayor of the town. The unhappy follower of Terpsichore had passed from lethargy to furious but dumb delirium. He was continually endeavouring to jump out of bed, threatening with "his head and face" those who frustrated his attempts, and refusing all the remedies offered him. The Mayor suggested to the doctor that the patient might take a little music, though he rejected everything else. But the doctor, I am sorry to say, appears to have been swayed too much by personal reasons. He did not disapprove of the idea, but hesitated carrying it out for fear of the ridicule to which he might be exposed, and which, as he mildly put it, would be infinitely greater if the patient died while under such a treatment. A friend, however, of the dancing-master's was deterred by no such scruples. He could play the fiddle, and performed a number of airs with which the sick man was most familiar. He was set down as being more of a maniac than the madman in bed, and was beginning to come in for a goodly amount of personal abuse, when the patient sat up, as though agreeably surprised. The poor fellow commenced marking the measure with his head, as his arms were held down by the attendants; but when the latter, also susceptible to the charms of melody, loosened their hold, he marked the measure with his arms. In a quarter of an hour he fell into a deep sleep and, on his awaking, the crisis was surmounted. Then we have the case of the Princess Belmont Pignatelli, who, in 1776, after all the most celebrated medical men of Naples had essayed their skill in vain, owed her cure from a violent fever to the febrifugal qualities of an air of Hasse's, prescribed—and performed—by the Chevalier Raaf, who received as his fee an extremely handsome ring, which his distinguished patient presented him in token of her gratitude. Did space allow, I could cite at length a case of catalepsy in which we are informed that the aged patient, though indifferent to airs with which she was unacquainted, derived such benefit from canticles, and still more from "noëls," or Christmas carols,

given her on a clarinet, that she danced; walked; went down, on the fifth day, three stories, to see her doctor out; and eventually resumed her usual avocations. As the old lady was sixty, I do not suppose, however, that those avocations were very arduous.

All these alleged facts are very strange; so much stranger, indeed, than fiction that we may fairly assume them to be true. Still, though a thorough and devoted admirer of music, I own that a dash of suspicion is mingled with my eagerness to believe. I should feel greatly obliged by some persons practically testing the matter. We have already Allopathy, Homœopathy, and Hydropathy. Why not add Melopathy to the list? I should much prefer a remedy from the works of Beethoven, Mozart, or Mendelssohn to anything mentioned in the *Pharmacopœia Londoniensis*; a draught from Balfe's melodic spring would be more to my taste than the most successful pill, which has enabled its inventor to spend a colossal fortune in advertisements and still remain a millionaire; and I can assure you, Mr Editor, that, if suffering from the most deeply-tinted fit of the blues, the gentleman I should best like to call in would be Doctor Arthur Sullivan, if he would only order me a good dose of *Trial by Jury*.

N. V. N.

THE PROPOSED NEW OPERAHOUSE.

(To the Editor of the "Times.")

SIR,—I have read in the *Times* of September 1st the letter from Mr Mapleson, which that gentleman doubtless intended to be an answer to the one from myself, and which you were good enough to publish on August 22nd.

As to the first paragraph in Mr Mapleson's letter, I have to say that I published no letters on the subject of the proposed Operahouse until July in last year, and that my justification for so doing then, if any justification were necessary, was that I had the very best authority for knowing that Mr Mapleson and his coadjutors, when endeavouring to obtain subscriptions for the proposed theatre, had stated that he (Mr Mapleson) had engaged several of my principal artists to sing there. Mr Mapleson, in a certain way, denies this. I must, however, repeat my assertion.

My reason for writing my letter published last month was, not because Mr Mapleson spoke of the locality of the Royal Italian Opera—the annual subscriptions and the audiences are a sufficient reply to that—but because he insinuated that my theatre was unworthy even of the name of an Operahouse.

As to my "fanciful calculations," I took Mr Mapleson's own estimate of the cost of the building—that is, the sum which he proposed to borrow as stated in his own printed circular—viz., £250,000. This was for the building only. It would appear from Mr Mapleson's circulars and letters that, exclusive of the unforeseen expense of the foundations, work has already been done to the amount of about £50,000. Mr Mapleson avers that his architect and builder now say that £110,000 is sufficient to complete and furnish the building. Are the words "complete" and "furnish" really meant to include also the immense outlay for the fire-water supply, the gas supply, lamps and chandeliers, and the vast machinery of the stage, &c.?

As to fire insurance, Mr Mapleson quotes that of Her Majesty's Theatre, but he possibly forgets that its proprietor, Lord Dudley, is not a person at all likely to have borrowed money in respect of that building, and so not forced by a lender to insure. Lord Dudley may prefer, and probably does prefer, to be in a great measure his own insurer. Besides, I do not suppose that Her Majesty's Theatre cost one-third of the sum at which that of the proposed Operahouse is estimated.

As to the insurance on the Royal Italian Operahouse, I have within these last three years increased the amount by £48,000, and must before long again add to that; for as the stock of costumes,

scenery, &c., of an operahouse increases, so ought the amount of insurance, and I have no doubt Mr Mapleson will find that, whether he borrows £100,000 or £300,000, his creditor will force him to cover pretty nearly, if not quite the full amount by insurance.

With regard to my statement that the cost of the Royal Italian Opera nearly doubled the original estimates, I, of course, did not intend to convey the meaning that the portion of the work the cost of which the architect and builders originally estimated was nearly doubled, but that the various alterations and additions which are so frequently found necessary during the progress of large buildings, and particularly in the case of theatres, brought up the ultimate cost to nearly double the sum for which it was at first supposed the whole could have been completed.

I therefore think that anyone who may take the trouble to read Mr Mapleson's own official circulars, together with his letter to the *Times*, dated July 14th, 1876, and those which appeared in the *Times* on August 4th and September 1st, 1877, and will compare them with my letters to the *Times*, dated respectively July 1st and July 18th, 1876, as well as with the one which appeared on August 22nd, 1877, and with this present letter, will arrive at the conclusion that my estimate as to the ultimate cost of the proposed Operahouse, should it ever be completed, furnished, and opened, are rather under than over the mark; and that whether Mr Mapleson should succeed in inducing some millionaire to do this work and let the theatre to him at a rental of £14,000 per annum, as he has proposed, or whether he obtain funds to complete the whole himself, the charge on the establishment, for rent (or interest of money), rates, taxes, insurance, and ground-rent (without reckoning any outlay for new scenery, &c.), will not be less than £24,250 per annum, and this enormous sum, be it remembered, is (less anything which may be obtained from winter lettings) really to be spread over and chargeable on an opera season of sixteen or seventeen weeks.

Permit me, sir, to take this opportunity of asking on what grounds this projected theatre has been named "The New National Operahouse," for I can see no pretence for such a title.

I would also ask on what authority it is called "Her Majesty's Opera," as I see it is in one of Mapleson's printed prospectuses, dated June 22nd, 1876. I can understand that the King's Theatre—that is the old operahouse in the Haymarket—was properly called "Her Majesty's Theatre, that title having been adopted subsequently to the death of King William IV., but I do not see why, when a troupe of artists is taken to Drury Lane, Dublin, or Edinburgh, the performance should be styled "Her Majesty's Opera."

The circumstances which occurred with regard to the titles of the London Operahouses were, as I believe, the following:—After the death of King William, there being already a theatre in London called "The Queen's," Her Majesty's permission was applied for to name the Haymarket Operahouse "Her Majesty's Theatre," and was graciously granted, and when the old Covent Garden Theatre was converted into an operahouse (1847) although it had always been a Theatre Royal, the Queen's permission to call the establishment "The Royal Italian Opera" was requested, and also graciously accorded. It is, of course, possible that Mr Mapleson may have applied for permission to advertise whatever troupe he may choose to engage and whatever locale he may select for its performances as "Her Majesty's Opera," and he may have been favoured with permission to do so, but I do not think it at all likely. Your obedient servant,

FREDERICK GYE.

Shinness, Lairg, Sutherland, September 17.

THE NEW OPERAHOUSE.

(To the Editor of the "Times.")

SIR,—As the subject of the new Operahouse on the Thames Embankment has been more than once discussed in the *Times*, and as the lessee of the unfinished building and his powerful competitor have both been allowed a hearing, I beg you to permit one who is not interested in either of the rival houses to call attention

to the opportunity, wholly unexpected, which now presents itself for correcting a most grievous error.

How the Metropolitan Board were induced to grant a lease of this, their choicest plot of land, without taking ample security that the conditions of the lease should be punctually fulfilled, is a question for the ratepayers; but I venture to affirm that, even if the Board have to make some sacrifice of money, it will be in the interest of the public that the existing lease be cancelled, and that the ugly obstruction which defaces our finest thoroughfare be removed. The great enjoyment which is derived by everybody from the gardens laid out on the adjacent parts of the Embankment, and the charming appearance which they already present, fully justify the conclusion that the best use for the site of the abortive Operahouse would be to apply it for an extension of the gardens. If this be unattainable, and if the land must be used for building, then, at the least, it should be let either for Government offices or for private houses of a high class, to be set back to the line of Whitehall Gardens and Montagu House.

The projection as it now stands destroys altogether the general effect of this really fine part of London, and if the building be completed it will be as great and glaring a disfigurement as the station and railway bridge at Charing Cross, which have spoilt beyond redemption one of the noblest views in London. H. G.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MRS BILLINGTON was so hoarse one night when she had to sing, at Drury Lane, *Mandane* in *Artaxerxes*, as to render it doubtful whether she would be able to get through her task, or even to attempt it. To add to her trouble, her maid had mislaid the key of her jewel box, but persisted that her mistress must have it with her. "What can I have done with it?" exclaimed the lady. "I suppose I must have swallowed it unconsciously." "And a lucky thing, too," observed Wewitzer, "it may perhaps serve to open your chest."

In the narrative of their travels in Africa, by Major Denham and Captain Clapperton, we find the following instance of the sensibility of animals to music:—

"We had a full opportunity of convincing ourselves that these stupendous animals" (the hippopotami) "are very sensibly attracted by musical sounds, even though they should not be of the softest kind. As we passed along the borders of Lake Mugalry at sunrise, they followed the drums of the different chiefs the whole length of the water, sometimes approaching so near the shore that the water they spouted from their mouths reached the persons who were passing along the banks. I counted fifteen at one time sporting on the surface, and my servant, Columbus, shot one in the head, when he gave so loud a roar, as he buried himself in the lake, that all the others disappeared in an instant."

WINTER, the composer of *Das unterbrochene Opferfest*, would, had he lived, have been a great patron of spiritualists, though he might not probably have dared to attend their dark sittings, or even accept a ticket for Messrs Maskelyne and Cooke at the Egyptian Hall, though those gentlemen expressly announce that the spiritual manifestations they exhibit are all brought about by very unspiritual means. Winter entertained such a dread of ghosts that he trembled at the idea of venturing out alone after nightfall. On one occasion at Munich, someone enveloped in a sheet lay in wait for him at the corner of a street. On Winter's approach, the apparition clasped him round the neck, and, though its weight did not exactly tally with its supposed incorporeal nature, Winter dragged it along with him till he reached his own door; but the alarm he experienced nearly cost him his life.

It is a custom in the Tyrol on the eve of Christmas Day, Easter Sunday, All Saints' Day, and the 1st of May, for the young men of a village to sing under the young girls' windows, accompanying themselves on the zither, their favourite instrument. The lover vaunts his mistress's charms, and, in wooing strains, implores her to share with him his father's humble roof. It sometimes happens that his strains are broken in upon by the jealous outbreak of some rejected swain. This affords the two an opportunity of

testing their skill in improvisation. The jealous lover points his keenest shafts of satire against his more fortunate rival, endeavouring, by some well-directed gibe or happy epigram, to overthrow the latter's hopes or shake his faith. Presently this *Fensterlied*, or "Window Song," attracts a crowd, whose presence adds a fresh stimulus to the efforts of the maiden's admirers. This continues till the sparkling wit or biting irony displayed by one of the opponents turns the balance in his favour, and compels his discomfited antagonist to quit the field, pursued by the taunts and jeers of the bystanders.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MADAME LIEBHART'S Concerts at the Agricultural Hall came to a close with the benefit of the Manageress herself, who must have been gratified with the evidence of her popularity testified to by the crowd who assembled in the Hall on the occasion, and who greeted her enthusiastically. Madame Liebhart had wisely drawn around her, during the series of her concerts, many of the leading artists of the day, among whom were Mesdames E. Wynne, Antoinette Sterling, Anna Bishop, Ernst, Julia Warwick, Messrs. E. Lloyd, Cummings, Vernon Rigby, Wadmore, Maybrick, and Wilford Morgan. The pianists were Signor Tito Mattei (who opened the concerts), Miss Lillie Albrecht (who appeared on five different occasions, and played works by Chopin, Thalberg, Döhler, and Liszt), and Mr. Ganz, who closed the series. Miss Albrecht, whose reputation is becoming more and more "constatée," and whose versatility enables her to take part in either classical or miscellaneous concerts, met with deserved success. On several occasions, being warmly "re-called," Miss Albrecht played her own brilliant transcription of the "Blue Bells," which was received with great applause. The conductors have been Sir Julius Benedict, Messrs Ganz, Allen, and Kingsbury. The orchestra was composed of many of the leading performers of the day. Jullien's "British Army" Quadrilles, which were given every evening, contributed in no small degree to the success of the enterprise. We hear that it is in contemplation to renew these Grand Concerts next year.

PROVINCIAL.

BRIGHTON.—Mr. George Watts began a series of Promenade Concerts at the Dome, on Monday, with Mr F. Kingsbury as conductor, Mr A. Pollitzer as leader, Madame Liebhart, Miss Singleton, and Mr Wilford Morgan as vocalists. The concerts are planned in the same form as those given at the Agricultural Hall, London. Jullien's "British Army" Quadrilles, played by the orchestra and three military bands, being the *pièce de résistance*. There is to be a special afternoon concert to-day (Saturday), and the series will come to a conclusion on Monday. At the Aquarium, to-day, Madame Sinico is to be the vocalist. During the week, Mr Howard Paul and Miss Rudge, with Miss Florence Temple as pianist, have been giving their entertainment. Miss Harriette Dunbar, a lady violinist, was specially engaged to play at Wednesday's concert. Last Saturday night, Signor Medica, from Messrs Gatti's London Promenade Concerts, sang, as well as Madame Ziméri, who met with unqualified success on each evening she appeared. The Brighton Sacred Harmonic Society announce Haydn's *Seasons* for Tuesday next; and on Monday evening, October 8, Madame Christine Nilsson, with Madame Antoinette Sterling, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Mr Lewis Thomas, will sing at Mr Kuhe's concert in the Dome.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

The Messrs Gatti gave, on their "Classical Night," on Wednesday, a selection from the works of Beethoven, including the overture to *Egmont*, the slow movement from the Ninth (Choral) Symphony, the first movement from the Violin Concerto (played by Mlle Pomme-reul), the Pianoforte Concerto in E flat (played by M. Ketten), and the whole of the Symphony in C minor. Both Mlle Pomme-reul and M. Ketten were warmly re-called after their respective performances, and the applause after the Symphony (admirably played under the direction of Signor Arditi) was as hearty as it was deserved. The vocal pieces were "In questa tomba" and "Pénitence," sung by Miss Annie Butterworth, and "Se il ver" (*Fidelio*), sung by Mlle Ida Cristino. As usual, the second part of the programme was miscellaneous, the selection from Rossini's *Mosè in Egitto*, for orchestra and military band, producing the usual effect. Mlles Rajmondi, Ida Cristino, and Signor Gianini were the vocalists, Mlle Cristino being set down for Signor Arditi's new and effective valse song, "L'Incontro." Next Wednesday is to be a "Wagner Night."

JULIUS RIETZ.

Dr Julius Rietz, Director General of Music, died in Dresden on the 10th September. The fact has excited universal sympathy and sincere regret in the whole world of music. It was not unexpected, since, some days ago, the melancholy intelligence was conveyed to us that Rietz had had an apoplectic stroke, and that there were scarcely any hopes of his recovery. The sorrow which the sad news is calculated to excite will not be diminished by the knowledge that in Rietz the brotherhood of German artists loses a prominent champion of classical music, an eminent conductor, and a distinguished composer; in a word, one who was devoted to all that is noble and elevated in art. Rietz had been ailing for several years. For some time, indeed, he had been compelled to cede to another his duties as conductor at the Theatre Royal, Dresden, but he recovered sufficiently to enter on them again. About a fortnight ago, the opera of *Le Val d'Andorre*, after being got up by him, was given under his direction at the Theatre Royal, and as late as the 6th inst. he was at the head of the orchestra during the performance of *Der fliegende Holländer*. Everyone liked him. He was an honorary member of numerous musical societies and associations.

Julius Rietz, a son of Johann Friedrich Rietz, Royal Chamber Musician and tenor violinist in the Royal Band, Berlin, was born in that capital on the 28th December, 1812. A course of thoroughly sound musical instruction by the very first teachers speedily enabled him to make such progress, that, when only sixteen, he entered as violoncellist the orchestra of the Königsstädtisches Theater. While occupying this position, he composed the music for Holtei's *Lorbeerbaum und Bettelstab*. In 1834 he was induced by Mendelssohn, who entertained a great esteem for him, to go to Düsseldorf, where he acted as conductor at the Theatre, becoming, two years later—when no more than twenty-five—Mendelssohn's successor as Town Musical Director. Rich in musical productivity and renowned for his remarkable talent as a conductor, he held this post for eleven years. He often conducted subsequently at the Musical Festivals of the Lower Rhine, the last occasion on which he did so being two years ago at Aix-la-Chapelle. In 1847 he accepted the post of conductor at the Theatre and director of the Singacademie, Leipzig, to which, from the 1st October, 1848, he added the direction of the Gewandhaus Concerts. A series of eminent artists, once his pupils, testify brilliantly to what he did as a teacher in the above city. It was there, moreover, that he began his musico-critical labours, alluding to which, Otto Jahn says:—"In Rietz we have lost a philologist, which would be highly regrettable, had he not become a musician." Rietz assisted in the issue of Bach and Handel's works, and published himself 12 Symphonies by Haydn, and 12 Concert Airs by Mozart. He subsequently devoted most of his time in Dresden to the edition of Beethoven and that of Mendelssohn, as well as that of Mozart's Scores, published by Breitkopf and Hartel. He took also a leading share in the latest edition of Mozart. Since 1860 he was in Dresden first as *Capellmeister* to the Court, in place of Reissiger, and afterwards as Artistic Director also of the Dresden Conservatory. Last year, on the occasion of the fortieth anniversary of his appointment as conductor, he was created, by King Albert, Director General of Music.

On the 1st October he was to have retired for the purpose of enjoying the repose he had so richly earned—but death summoned him before then to his eternal rest. Though, in his numerous compositions (overtures, concert-pieces, symphonies, &c., as well as two operas), Julius Rietz does not shine by vigorous originality, his productions always inspire respect, while, on account of many beautiful creations, some of a most inspiring nature, for instance, the "Dithyrambe," among other things—he will never be forgotten by Choral Associations for Male Voices. Even if his own compositions were lost, the name of him who critically edited our classical German masterworks would be indelibly preserved in the history of music. We hear that the Intendant-General of the Theatres Royal commissioned Herr Robert Radecke, Royal *Capellmeister*, to attend the funeral on the 15th inst., and, in the name of the Royal Chapel, to lay a laurel wreath on the grave of the Deceased.—*Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

BOLOGNA.—A new opera, *Wallenstein*, by a young French composer, M. Ruiz, will shortly be produced at the Teatro Comunale.

Musical Souvenirs Various.

(Leaves from the Diary of a "Fanatic.")

No. II.

THE WAGNER FESTIVAL.

Writing to a friend in Dresden towards the close of his stay amongst us in 1855, and after speaking of the "distinguished manner" in which he was received by the public, Herr Richard Wagner said:—"Quite indifferent to me, on the other hand, was the abuse of the London critics, who only proved by their attacks that I had omitted to bribe them. Indeed, it always amused me to observe how they still left a door open, in order, upon the slightest approach on my part, to change their tactics—a step, of course, which I never thought of taking." In a good-humoured notice of these remarks—which it was impossible to treat seriously—a critic of the period wrote: "The next time Herr Wagner comes to London, we recommend him strongly to bring with him a little more money or a little better music. In the event of his changing his mind, and becoming an honest convert to the good old bribery system, he may be induced to speculate on the virtue of a few thalers. Should the critics refuse the money—and there's no knowing what these obstinate and malignant dogs may do, especially if they fancy they have been cheated out of their lawful due—we advise him to try a small dose of real good music. It may, peradventure, have its weight and influence. It was by such simple means Mendelssohn bribed and corrupted universal England." Herr Wagner is again amongst us, but there is little probability of his trying the virtue of thalers. He has come to gather money, not to spend it. How far, on the other hand, he has taken advice with reference to "a small dose of real good music" will appear by-and-by. But one thing is certain, whatever else may be doubtful—we are all glad to see Herr Richard Wagner amongst us; even those sharing the gladness who must needs assume towards him the attitude of "openly declared enmity" which, in *Opera and Drama*, he confesses he was obliged to take up towards Meyerbeer. More than this, we all wish good luck to his enterprise, as far as that can be without injury to an art a thousand times more worthy of consideration than the greatest of its professors.

At this point, perhaps, some one will ask, "Why begin harping upon the man? Is not his music the chief theme?" We answer that it ought to be; and if it is not, the fault lies with Wagner himself. Were he satisfied, like the "immeasurably rich master" whose mantle we are sometimes told he wears, to appeal to the world by artistic creations alone—were he content to let his work stand or fall upon its merits, Herr Wagner would never be spoken of with other than the profound respect due to his great and unquestioned genius, however strongly the principles he advocates may be assailed. But, unhappily, the most prominent, most portentous, and, we had almost said, most objectionable, thing about Wagnerism is Wagner. We cannot have the one without the other, and the other is so big and terrifying an apparition that it eclipses the one and stands in the way of our calmly estimating its merits. Needs must, therefore, that the master be reckoned with. He does not so much say, "Here is my work," as "Here am I." And in what attitude does he present himself? The question deserves an answer, because we are sometimes told that Wagner has been a persecuted man—that he has had to fight almost single-handed against a host of furious assailants. Assuming the truth of this, we wholly decline to look upon him as an object of pity, since he has nobody but himself to blame. It was open to him, if necessity compelled the writing of pamphlets as well as music-dramas, to set forth his principles with judicial calmness and moderation, instead of which he was content with nothing less than running a-muck, like a mad Malay, among those of his contemporaries and fellow-musicians whom the world—in its profound erroneousness, no doubt—delighted to honour. That which is written remains, and we cannot forget—Herr Wagner does not permit us to forget—who turned upon the operatic composers of his own time with a fury which even now men wonder at; who ransacked the capacious German language for its strongest terms of contempt and scorn; who, in his boundless self-consciousness, charged a whole race of people with conspiring to ruin him; and who, heedless of the law against kicking a man when he is down, wrote a farce lampooning Paris in her distress and suffering, presumably because, in her prosperity, she had rejected him. It is idle to talk of persecution when a man invites reprisals in this way. The proverbial navvy took no notice of the thrashings given him by his wife because, while the exercise gratified, it did not annoy him; but Herr Wagner, however feminine he may be in the shrillness and intensity of his invective, has strength enough to hurt. If, therefore, "reaction has been equal to action, and contrary thereto," it is not

for the assailer to complain, unless, indeed, the manifest duty of the world is to crouch like a beaten hound. Why do we write all this? That, in the midst of whatever honours are paid to Herr Wagner—and the deserts of his genius are great—there should be no false sentiment about the master's personality. Also that he may know in what respect the welcome we give him and the homage he receives have a limited application.

But if any of us cherished personal animosity against Herr Wagner there would be cause just now for glee, especially as, once more, the poet-composer is reaping the reward of his own presumption. It was his dream for years to give a performance of the *Nibelungen* Trilogy under conditions best adapted to its artistic principles. So far, good. Nothing could be more proper, or more worthy of sympathy and active help. But the next step was amazing in its underlying assumption. Herr Wagner believed that he could fill his theatre with a paying audience of his own professed followers, and, not only so, but that he could afford to build a theatre for himself, in the little out-of-the-way town where it pleases him to reside. As might have been expected, the whole scheme, apart from the artistic success which attended it, turned out disastrously. The Wagner Societies could not fill the house, and buyers of tickets had to be sought among the Philistines, who declined a pilgrimage into the Bavarian wilderness when they might have been drawn to some attractive capital. Thus it came to pass that the enterprise left its promoters with a heavy balance to pay. Well, those who perpetrate blunders must stand by the consequences, and Herr Wagner, very rightly, is doing his best to make good what has been lost, but at such a sacrifice that it is impossible not to regard him with feelings of commiseration. His bitterest foe never yet charged him with wanting sincerity; and when he tells us that his art, though made up of various elements, is one and indivisible, or divisible only with loss and shame, we know that he expresses a deep-rooted conviction. Indeed, the master has insisted upon this with special force. Poetry, music, and stage effects are connected in his teaching by such a bond that no one party to the alliance is separable from the others. In the *Ring des Nibelungen* we find this principle so rigidly acted upon that it cannot be ignored without a certainty of the entire fabric tumbling to pieces. Imagine, then, the reluctance with which Wagner consented to take his poetry and music into the concert room; to break the perfect whole, and offer a part; to fly in the face of his own teaching, and stultify himself. Only a sense of dire need could have led to such a result; and, albeit the necessity was created by Wagner's own act, his fate in having to sanction and bear a personal share in so gross an outrage commands sympathy. To make matters worse, it is in England that this is done, in the very head-quarters of Philistinism, and among the unmusical people who inhabit Liszt's "*pays de médiocrité*." But when a man wants money he must follow the market, and, although the unmusical people are not quite so well off as usual just now, they are rich by comparison with æsthetic Germany. To the accident of our wealth is due the fact that Herr Wagner here conducts a concert-room performance of his dramatic works. There can be no doubt at all that the master would say, "Don't judge my music dramas from the fragments presented under ruinous conditions in the Albert Hall." We join him in the caution with all possible emphasis. The power and beauty of the music performed are half lost, and, at the same time, the weakness of Wagner's system is kept out of sight along with that which is not heard. Really, therefore, the Kensington performances have no value whatever apart from the gratification of a natural curiosity, while they may even do harm by creating false impressions. You cannot appraise the merit of a picture which is half hidden behind a curtain; neither can Wagner be estimated when but partly revealed.

In the interests of truth, this caution is emphatically needed just now, and every visitor at the Albert Hall should keep it constantly in mind. Putting together all the considerations advanced, we fail to discern much in the Wagner Festival that is festive. True, it brings a great man amongst us whom we are glad to see, because great men are scarce; but it is the offspring of a necessity, which has combined with it the violation of a cherished principle and a capacity to mislead.—*Daily Telegraph*, May 9, 1877.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Mary Queen of Scots, the most celebrated woman of her time, died upon a scaffold. The beauty of her person and the possession of the throne of Scotland excited the jealousy of Queen Elizabeth of England. She passed for an agreeable writer in prose, and the few poetic pieces which she has left, prove that she had gained a distinguished rank among the French poets. To the merits of a literary character, she joined every female accomplishment. She was an excellent musician, a good dancer, and possessed of every amiable

talent; these, united to the charm of her wit, would have rendered her greatly superior to all the women of the age in which she lived. Her attractions, of which Elizabeth frequently heard, fatigued the English Queen's jealous ears, and were, perhaps, the sole cause of Mary's misfortunes. Elizabeth, conversing one day with Melville, Ambassador from Scotland, asked if Mary were not a finer woman than herself. The cautious courtier, unwilling to offend and wishing to avoid a direct answer, replied that Elizabeth was the finest woman in England. This answer did not satisfy Elizabeth, who, wishing to gratify her vanity by hearing an acknowledgment of her own superiority, again pressed Melville for a more decided reply. The Ambassador then confessed that he thought Mary a finer woman than herself. This reply, as unexpected as it was true, greatly chagrined Elizabeth.

To testify Mary's deep regret at leaving her connections in France, she composed the following farewell address to that country, which serves as a proof of her poetical talents:—

CHANSON.

Adieu plaisant pays de France!	Ah, pleasant land of France farewell!
O ma patrie,	My country dear,
La plus chérie,	Where many a year
Qui as nourri ma jeune enfance!	Of infant youth I lov'd to dwell,
Adieu, France! adieu, mes beaux jours,	Farewell for ever happy days.
La nef qui disjoint nos amours,	The ship that parts our love conveys
N'a c'y de moi que la moitié,	But half of me—one half, behind
Une parte te reste, elle est tienne;	I leave with thee, dear France, to prove
Je la fie à ton amitié	A token of my endless love,
Pour que de l'autre il te souvienne.	And bring the other to my mind.

WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programme of Organ Recitals by Mr W. T. Best.

THURSDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 27th:—

Organ Concerto, D major	Handel.
Adagio for the Organ, E major...	G. Merkel.
Prelude and Fugue, G major	Bach.
Andantino, E major	C. V. Alkan.
Pastorale à la Styrienne	Hummel.
Procession March, <i>Guillaume Tell</i> , 3rd Act	Rossini.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, SEPTEMBER 29th:—

Triumphal March	J. L. Hatton.
Andante, A major	S. S. Wesley.
Allegretto et Grand Chœur	C. V. Alkan.
Organ Sonata, E flat major	Christian Fink.
Air, "Di Cupido impiego i vanni"	Handel.
Hymn to Bacchus, <i>Antigone</i>	Mendelssohn.

VIENNA.—A new opera, *Des König's Brautfahrt*, by Herr Alban Förster, will probably be accepted at the Imperial Operahouse.

MANHEIM.—*Francesca da Rimini*, which Hermann Goetz left incomplete at his death, will be produced at the Court Theatre within a day or two. It was finished for the stage by Johannes Brahms and Herr Frank, the latter of whom, like the composer himself, is now dead.

LEIPSIC.—At the Lepke sale, in the early part of October, a large number of musical works, by Haesler, Festori, Tartini, and others, will be put up. Among the autographs figure those of Beethoven, C. M. von Weber, Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Marianne Mozart (the Composer's sister), Rossini, Zelter, &c. The catalogue, 86 pp., with extracts and biographical remarks, may be procured free by post for 5 Pfennigs, from Herr Stargardt, 53, Jägerstrasse, Berlin.—The venerable Thomas-School, which since its foundation in 1214 has done so much in preparing students for the University, and has played so brilliant a part with regard to sacred music, is about to be transferred to a new abode. The old "Thomaner" intend celebrating the event by a farewell solemnity in the old edifice, and the establishment of several free scholarships for day pupils.

HORTON ALLISON, the pianist, has met with an accident to his left hand, through being thrown from a tram-car, which moved suddenly as he was alighting from it, in Manchester.

The collection of ancient musical instruments at the Paris Exhibition will contain some fine specimens of Old French and Italian art. To these will be added a number of documents, MSS., autographic scores, and other interesting objects of musical archeology.

WAIFS.

Mr and Mrs F. B. Jewson have returned to town for the season. Gillmore's Concerts, New York, have been unusually well attended of late.

M. Vinentini has accepted a comic opera by M. Léon Gastinel. It is entitled *La Tulipe bleue*.

Sig. Luigi Bordese, the composer, has been created a knight of the Portuguese Order of Christ.

Mr William Dorrell has returned to town from Sussex, where he has been passing his vacation.

Francesca da Rimini, by Sig. Cagnoni, will be the principal novelty of the approaching autumn season at Turin.

M. Hoessli, a most ardent advocate and promoter of choral singing in Switzerland, died recently at Lausanne.

Herr von Flotow has received a commission from the house of Ricordi, Milan, to set a libretto of d'Ormeville's, entitled *Sakuntala*.

It was exactly a hundred years last Tuesday, the 25th inst., that Gluck's *Armide* was first produced at the Royal Academy of Music, Paris.

The meanest man in the world inhabits Oil City, U.S. He has sent a bill to a neighbour for giving the latter's children the mumps.

The King of Holland has conferred upon M. Guillot de Sainbris the Order of the Oaken Crown, in recognition of that gentlemen's services to Music.

Though Mad. Pauline Luca has bid adieu to the stage in Germany, she has not yet altogether left it. She will sing next season at the Teatro Real, Madrid.

For some little time past, a son of Henri Wieniawski has been stopping at Boston, U.S., where he thinks of giving concerts. Like his father, he is a violinist.

Among other artists engaged by Herr Ullmann for his concert tour in Norway and Sweden, are Mad. Artôt-Padilla, Señor Padilla, Sig. Bottesini, and M. Wieniawski.

Count von Platen, Intendant-General of the Theatre Royal, Dresden, attended the performance of *La Reine de Chypre* a few nights since at the Grand Opera, Paris.

The 4th volume of Ambros's *Geschichte der Musik* (*History of Music*), will shortly be published. It treats of "Palestrina and his times, and the Commencement of Opera."

The Abbate Franz Liszt will visit Pesth at the beginning of November, and remain till Easter, for the purpose of taking the upper classes at the National Academy of Music.

The stage rehearsals of M. Rey's *Statue* have commenced at the Théâtre-Lyrique. M. Talazac, prizeman last term at the Paris Conservatory, will sustain the part of Sélim.

Mme Enriquez has returned to Town for the season. The accomplished contralto is specially engaged to sing at the Choral Union Concert, at Edinburgh, in Sir Julius Benedict's *St Peter*.

The Swedish tenor, Henrik Westberg, gave a farewell concert at Stockholm on the 15th inst., previously to starting for Paris, where he hopes to obtain an engagement at the Théâtre-Italien or the Théâtre-Lyrique.

The new cantata, *The Buccaneers*, by Wellington Guernsey and John Cheshire, is to be produced, next Tuesday, at the Royal Academy of Music, with full band and chorus, under the direction of Mr Walter Macfarren.

A. C. D. writes:—"The parents of the late M. Thiers were Protestants. He was born in that faith, but died a Roman Catholic. No memoir that I have read mentions at what stage of his life he changed his religion." [We have seen him more than once at High Mass.—D. T.]

Mlle Coulon has returned from a tour in Brittany. Vichy, and other fashionable resorts of the Parisian aristocracy, have also been visited by the accomplished pianist. During her tour in Brittany Mlle Coulon played at a concert she instituted for the benefit of the poor of Portrieux, at which Monsieur des Roseaux, as well as two clever amateur vocalists, the Baronne de Barthélemy and the Comte de la Noë, assisted.

Advertisements.

THE VOICE AND SINGING.

BY

ADOLFO FERRARI.

THE FORMATION AND CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE FOR SINGING.

Price 12s.

London: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"The remarkable qualities of this book are the author's freedom from conventional trammels, the strong sense of his opinions, and the novelty yet evident soundness of his precepts; his work has consequently come into general use as a manual of vocal instruction,"—*Daily News*,

VOCAL EXERCISES COMPOSED BY FRANK MORI.

Price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

N.B.—These Vocal Exercises, as taught by FRANK MORI, are invaluable both to Students and Professors.

New Edition of "LE PETIT SOLFÈGE"

LE PETIT SOLFÈGE. Vingt Solfèges pour Voix de Mezzo-Soprano. Par JOS. CURCI. Price 6s. London: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

THE ART OF SINGING.

New Edition, Revised and Improved, of

A COURSE OF STUDY AND PRACTICE FOR THE VOICE.

By T. A. WALLWORTH.

A Method as used by the Author in the Royal Academy of Music, and upon which he has cultivated the voices of his Pupils, Mlle Alwina Valleria, Miss Lucy Franklin, and other successful Vocalists.

Full Music Size, price 7s.

London: HAMMOND & Co. (late JULIEN), 5, Vigo Street; and of the Author, at his Residence, 86, Wimpole Street.

DR. STOLBERG'S VOICE LOZENGE.

For invigorating and enriching the voice, and removing affections of the throat.

DR. STOLBERG'S VOICE LOZENGE is universally acknowledged to be the most valuable remedy for sore throat, hoarseness and relaxed throat. It should always be taken before singing or reciting, as it strengthens the vocal organs. It is most extensively prescribed by the faculty for the throat and voice. Dr. Lewis, of Basingstoke, says he finds them most efficacious, and in Dr Copland's Dictionary of Practical Medicine (Longman & Co.), they are strongly recommended at pages 872 and 1492. They are used by all the greatest vocalists and orators in Europe, and have been established over a quarter of a century. Testimonials from Patti, Grisi, Lablache, Santley, &c. Sold in boxes, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d., by all Chemists throughout the United Kingdom and the Colonies.

NEW FLUTE MUSIC.

RIMEMBRANZE D'AMORE. Morceau pour Flute. Avec accompagnement de Piano. Composé par F. J. AMOR. Price 3s. London: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

TRANSCRIPTIONS OF FAVOURITE SCOTCH AIRS.

FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

By EMILE BERGER.

"FLORA MACDONALD'S LAMENT" and "KENMURE'S ON AND AWA" ... 4s.
 "HUNTINGTOWER" ... 4s.
 "THOU BONNIE WOOD O' CRAIGIE LEA" ... 4s.
 "THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST" ... 3s.
 "THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE" ... 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

NEW EDITIONS.

SONGS BY J. W. DAVIDSON.

No. 1. "SWEET VILLAGE BELLS" ... 4s.
 2. "THE LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS" ... 4s.
 3. "I HAVE WEPT MINE EYES TEARLESS" ... 4s.

The Words by the late DESMOND RYAN.

VOCAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF SHELLEY.

No. 1. "SWIFTER FAR THAN SUMMER'S FLIGHT" ... 4s.
 2. "ROUGH WIND THAT MOANETH LOUD" ... 4s.
 3. "FALSE FRIEND, WILT THOU SMILE OR WEEP?" ... 4s.
 4. "I FEAR THY KISSES, GENTLE MAIDEN" ... 4s.

The Music by J. W. DAVIDSON.

London: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

THREE DUETS.

FOR SOPRANO AND CONTRALTO.

The Poetry by SAMUEL ROGERS.

THE MUSIC BY M. W. BALFE.

No. 1. "TWILIGHT'S SOFT DEWS" ... 3s.
 2. "THE BEAUTEOUS MAID" ... 3s.
 3. "OH! SHE WAS GOOD AS SHE WAS FAIR" ... 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

THREE EASY FANTASIAS for the PIANOFORTE.

No. 1. "ROB ROY MACGREGOR O" ... 2s.
 2. "ROBIN ADAIR" ("EILEEN AROON") ... 2s.
 3. "O DEAR, WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?" ... 2s.

Composed by R. F. HARVEY.

London: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

"CLEARANCE SALE."

Re-building of Show Rooms,

Nos. 49 & 50, NEW BOND STREET.

MESSRS CHAPPELL & CO. beg to announce that they have commenced Re-building the whole of the above premises; and, owing to temporary diminution of space, now offer their immense Stock of New and Second-hand Pianofortes, Organs, Harmoniums, Alexandre Organs, American Organs, and Pipe Organs, at greatly reduced prices for Cash.

ALEXANDRE ORGAN HARMONIUM, from 3 to 120 Guineas.

AMERICAN ORGANS, from 12 to 125 Guineas.

ALEXANDRE ORGANS, from 15 to 200 Guineas.

PIANINOS, from 20 Guineas.

COTTAGE PIANOS, from 27 Guineas.

OBLIQUES, from 50 Guineas.

GRANDS, from 75 Guineas.

PIPE ORGANS, for Chancel, Church, or Drawing-room, from 50 Guineas.

A Liberal Discount for Cash.

THREE YEARS' SYSTEM OF HIRE AND PURCHASE.

HARMONIUMS	From £1 5s. per Quarter.
PIANINOS	£2 2s. "
COTTAGE PIANOS	£2 14s. "
OBLIQUES	£5 0s. "
GRANDS	£7 10s. "

ILLUSTRATED LISTS FREE BY POST.

CHAPPELL & CO., 50, NEW BOND ST.

HUTCHINGS & ROMER

BEG TO CALL THE ATTENTION OF

Conductors of Choral Societies

TO THE FOLLOWING LIST OF

CHORAL WORKS FOR CLASSES.

FOR MIXED VOICES.

CANTATAS.

Yule-Tyde. J. MORGAN BENTLEY.

In Paper Covers, 4s.; In Cloth, 5s.

*Maid of Gascony. J. HART GORDON.

In Paper Covers, 5s. Net.

*Paradise and the Peri. JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT.

In Paper Covers, 6s.; In Cloth, 8s.

*The Lord of Burleigh. F. SCHIRA.

In Paper Covers, 6s.; In Cloth, 8s.

*Fair Rosamond. JOSEPH L. ROECKEL.

In Paper Covers, 5s.; In Cloth, 7s.

The Good Shepherd. SACRED CANTATA, BY JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT.

In Paper Covers, 5s.; In Cloth, 7s.; Chorus Parts, 2s. 6d. each.

John Gilpin. THOMAS ANDERTON.

In Paper Covers, 5s. Net. Chorus Parts, 2s. each.

*The Ancient Mariner. JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT.

In Paper Covers, 6s.; In Cloth, 8s.

*A Pastoral. THE HON. SEYMOUR J. G. EGERTON.

Complete, 21s.

*The Legend of St. Cecilia. SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

In Paper Covers, 6s.; In Cloth, 8s.

* Chorus Parts can be had of the entire Work, each 3s.

Orchestral Parts to these Cantatas may be hired.

ANTHEMS.

IN THAT DAY. New Edition. Price 1s. net.

I BEHELD, AND LO. Price 1s. net.

SIR GEORGE ELVEY.

LONDON:

HUTCHINGS & ROMER, 9, CONDUIT STREET, REGENT STREET.

Wholesale Warehouse—10 & 11, LITTLE MARLBOROUGH STREET, REGENT STREET W.

SYDNEY SMITH'S PIANOFORTE METHOD.

PRICE FIVE SHILLINGS.

This unrivalled work is now firmly established as the Pianoforte Instruction Book in nearly all the principal educational establishments in Great Britain, Ireland, Canada, the United States of America, India, Australia, New Zealand, &c. It is supplied direct by the Publishers, or may be had of any Musicseller in the world.

LONDON: ASHDOWN & PARRY,
HANOVER SQUARE.
